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W. R. HEARST.
AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"I Care Not Who Make Laws for the People as Long as I Make the Trusts."—J. Pierpont Morgan.

AN AMERICAN INTERNAL POLICY.

FIRST—PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES.
The Values Created by the Community Should Belong to the Community.

SECOND—DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS.
No Monopolization of the National Resources by Lawless Private Combinations More Powerful Than the People's Government.

THIRD—A GRADUATED INCOME TAX.
Every Citizen to Contribute to the Support of the Government According to His Means, and Not According to His Necessities.

FOURTH—ELECTION OF SENATORS BY THE PEOPLE.
The Senate, Now Becoming the Private Property of Corporations and Bosses, to Be Made Truly Representative, and the State Legislatures to Be Redeemed from Recurring Scandals.

FIFTH—NATIONAL, STATE AND MUNICIPAL IMPROVEMENT OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM.
As the Duties of Citizenship Are Both General and Local, Every Government, General and Local, Should Do Its Share Toward Fitting Every Individual to Perform Them.

"Public Ownership of Public Franchises."
"Destruction of Criminal Trusts."

Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has contributed an irresistible argument in behalf of two planks of the Journal's Internal Policy. He has succeeded in combining all the principal coal interests of the Middle States, both railroad and mining, into one gigantic trust, or what our conservative contemporary the Tribune politely calls a "harmonizing" plan. The corporations that have been "harmonized" include the Reading, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Pennsylvania Coal Company, the New York, Ontario & Western, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the New York, Susquehanna & Western. The total capitalization of these companies is $889,108,786, which is something over $40,000,000 more than the interest bearing debt of the United States on the outbreak of the Spanish war.

This trust will be able to levy a tax on every fireplace, cooking stove and factory furnace in this part of the United States. It will be able to enforce such discriminating charges for transportation that no coal shipped by any independent producer can reach the consumers in this region except by sea, which route is closed by the tariff enacted for the "protection of American labor." It will be able to reduce the wages of its employes to the bottom of the margin of subsistence. And it will do all this in direct defiance of laws, State and national, passed expressly to prevent it.

If the people owned their own transportation systems, as they do in Germany, in Austria, in Italy, in Australasia, in South Africa, and in many other countries, the transportation end of this combination, which is its most important end, could not exist. If the coal operators of Pennsylvania formed a trust, consumers in New York could draw supplies over the national railroads from the mines of Tennessee and Alabama. The coal trust would be flanked in a business way, and its business weakness would make it more easily attacked through the law. Thus the realization of one part of the Journal's Internal Policy—**"PUBLIC OWNERSHIP OF PUBLIC FRANCHISES"**—would help to attain another—**"DESTRUCTION OF CRIMINAL TRUSTS."**

This new combination, whose revenues are greater than those of the National Government were before the civil war, is only one of the masses of capital controlled by J. Pierpont Morgan. Unless the people do something soon to regain their hold on their own resources, how long will it be before **"private combinations more powerful than the people's Government"** are absolute rulers of America?

DEMOCRATIC PROMISES REDEEMED.

When Mayor Van Wyck signed the resolution authorizing the issue of bonds in the sum of $7,673,640 for the erection of school buildings he redeemed the pledge of the platform upon which he was elected and secured to all the children of New York the opportunity to acquire an education. In the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx alone the new buildings will provide accommodation for 36,494 additional children.

The Journal procured the insertion of the following plank in the Democratic platform in 1897:

We demand adequate school accommodation for our population, so that no child may be denied the opportunity of education or restricted to half-day attendance at school, and this we believe to be second to no other municipal want.

The Journal has labored unceasingly to save this great metropolis from the disgrace of allowing a single child within its borders to be denied the right to a public school. It is a victory worth the winning. The appropriation of $7,673,640 is sufficient for present needs. When more money is required to improve the public school system it will be forthcoming.

The Journal's Internal Policy.

Editor of the New York Journal:

Dear Sir: I heartily approve your "American Internal Policy." Keep it at the head of your column all the time. I am disappointed on days when you do not print it. H. DOXSEE.

Syracuse, March 8.

ALAN DALE ON THE BOWERY. "THE VICTORIAN CROSS" AS VISIBLE AT THE PEOPLE'S.

SUCH a play as "The Victorian Cross," which is now doing a week's duty for the benefit of the palpitant patrons of the Bowery's own People's Theatre, would a few years ago have been dished up for much politer audiences. We used to revel in these cut-and-dried stories of heroism and villainy right on Broadway. But now we dress them up in the garbs of a century ago, put the hero and villain into velvet knickerbockers trimmed with curtain lace, and dub it all romance.

"The Victorian Cross" is one of those plays that might have been canned by any decent firm dealing in melodramatic comestibles. It might have been numbered, and you might have been asked to "kindly mention number when ordering." This particular play was "put up" for the English trade, and has enjoyed "six years' constant tour." It has now reached America in time to compete with all sorts of Cuban melodramas, which, at any rate, have the advantage of being apparently apropos.

The Bowery audiences are peculiar. The style of entertainment offered to them rarely varies. Whether it be called "The Victorian Cross" or "Knobs o' Tennessee," it doesn't matter much. As long as there is a triumphant gentleman to fondle a white muslin heroine and a Mephistopheles in tan kid gloves to foil them both until the last act sets in all goes well. Bowery dudes know just where to applaud. Every speech that ends with "honest man" or "respectable girl" is sure to be cheered, if the actor knows enough to wait for applause. And he generally does. You can invent any lines you like, but if they wind up with "honest man" they will get a rousing reception.

In "The Victorian Cross" there is not the symptom of a thrill. In fact, it is lethargic enough to merit the adjectives "sweet and wholesome," which the machine-made critic always applies to everything that is dull. But it has a less grimy atmosphere than most of the Bowery plays, and a lady of title, with three chins and a lorgnette, cast an air of distinction upon the proceedings.

My attention was temporarily diverted from the play. I was reading two programme articles on pimples and insomnia when the familiar words, "Let me hide my shame," fell upon my ears. I looked up, of course expecting to see the heroine going out into a snow storm, but to my surprise it was the hero who spoke these words. They seemed very much out of place, and I at first imagined that a clever parody was intended. But it wasn't. The hero had merely been done of his paternal estates and a few other oddments by the villain, his half-brother, and was off to the Crimea to try and get killed.

This heroic was a sweet and balmy youth, who always appeared in brown velveteen and a hunted antelope expression. Before he had been on the stage five minutes he said "There's nothing in the world like a mother's kiss," and later on, when the interloping lady of title came on with her three chins and her lorgnette, he remarked, "I'll not offend your aristocratic nostrils with my presence any longer."

Poor velveteen fellow! He was forced to pose before a lovely white muslin girl as an illegitimate child and allow the dire villain to lord it over the beautiful estates. He always stood around with slightly protrusive stomach, and allowed every one to insult him, in the most wholesome martyrdom.

When he went to Cawnpore everybody went with him—his mother, the villain, the villain's mother, the white muslin girl, the Irish servant girl and the funny man. I suppose the playwright found it cheaper to utilize the old characters than invent some new ones. Apparently Nana Sahib and the "mutiny" were designed especially for the glorification of the brown velveteen gentleman, who during the third act made history at the rate of a chapter a minute, and paused breathless but historical when there was no more to be made.

Nana Sahib was a coffee-colored person, who looked as though he had escaped from a Coney Island cafe chantant. He was programmed as the "notorious Mahratta chief." He was assisted in his nefarious work by a Sepoy mutineer, with smuts on his countenance and a vindictive chimney-sweep manner. But these gentlemen, literally used for color, merely boosted the velveteen gentleman a trifle higher than he was before. Even history hides its head in the humble servitude of melodramatic "situations."

Charles Hagar wore the velveteen. He is not an imposing looking hero. Broadway managers snap up all the six-footers. They are used to "support" feminine stars who wont allow insignificant looking gentlemen to make love to them. Consequently they are never seen on the Bowery. The Bowery has to drag along with actors who wear their weight in their voices. Mr. Hagar is neither tall nor good looking, but he managed to go through his part heroically and miss no tricks. If he had been very tall it would have cost you $2 to see him, and you would probably have liked him. As it was you got him for 50 cents, thanks to his lack of height.

The villain in the case was Harry Clifton, who seemed to be thoroughly ashamed of himself and to chafe at all the rude remarks he had to make. Mr. Clifton had no swagger about him. Even his clothes seemed to have been de-pressed rather than pressed, and in his defiant moments he wore his derby hat well over his eyebrows. He was Sir Richard Aubrey, "Captain of Foot," who did the brown velveteens out of their patrimony.

Miss Estelle Sprague was the lovely girl, and she brightened up the picture a little, and clung persistently to the brown velveteen. What cared she, even if he had a stain on his name? That was her mood throughout. The aristocrat was "interpreted" by Bertha St. Clair, who made herself duly haughty and blue-blooded. The real mother, whose kisses the velveteen hero thought so sweet, was exhibited by Miss Renie Persell who had nothing to do but look miserable, which nineteen out of twenty actresses can do more readily than anything else. Lew McCord was the comic Irishman, without which any melodrama would collapse, and Phil McCarthy was a General plentifully supplied with gallery speeches.

The Bowery theatre-goers will get a holiday next week from hero and villain and white muslin and tears. They are offered an attraction that is billed as "a lively, animated comedy of sugared satire, bubbling with merriment, with tuneful music setting time for dainty feet." I wonder how they will like it. I should think that it would be a great relief, and would put their laughter apparatus into working order. It always seems very sad to me to see these people with troubles of their own "recreating" themselves with those of imaginary people. ALAN DALE.

WHEN IS A DUNCE NOT A DUNCE? THE ERGOGRAPH, LATEST WONDER OF SCIENCE, WILL TELL.

LEARNED men in Chicago are experimenting on school children with the ergograph, which might be defined as an apparatus for the rehabilitation of the dunce.

The ergograph, in other words, is a machine that promises to come as a boon and a blessing to backward pupils, inasmuch as it has a tendency to prove, with the cold precision of a cash register, that they are not really stupid or stubborn, but overworked, or improperly cared for, or in need of exercise, or something of that sort.

If the time ever arrives—and the Chicago scientists think that it will—when no well-regulated school is without its ergograph, the school dunce will become a person of no small importance. Instead of blubbering, despised, in his corner, he will be a centre of philosophic interest; and instead of striving to hide his diminished head, he will learn to discourse trippingly on nerve reactions and permutations of brain molecules. Indeed, the ergograph may even furnish him with convincing proof that marbles are more beneficial to his nervous system than least common multiple.

The Board of Education in Chicago has taken up the ergograph for experimental purposes, having been introduced to it by Dr. W. S. Christopher, one of its members. It was decided to begin the tests in the Alcott School, at Wrightwood avenue and Orchard street, the pupils of which enjoy every advantage in their homes, and might therefore be expected to show a minimum of imperfections. Dr. Christopher was prevented by illness from superintending the experiment, and this duty was assumed by Professor F. W. Smedley, of the University of Chicago, and Victor C. Campbell, a specialist in child study. They installed the ergograph in the library, on the second floor of the school building.

It is easy to conceive the possibility of a thoroughbred dunce howling with terror at being launched abruptly into intimate relations with this beneficient machine. In one respect it is more grimly suggestive than a dentist's chair, and has something remotely in common with that other chair which is the principal curiosity of Sing Sing prison. But none of the children attending the Alcott School are dunces of that kind; and though one or two of the first subjects paled slightly at

THE MACHINE FOR TESTING DUNCES.

having both arms tightly pinioned to a mechanism of unknown possibilities, the reassurances of their preceptors were enough to cause them to submit with a good grace.

Of the two pinioned arms the only part left free is the middle finger of the right hand, and on the first joint of this is placed a ring, to which is attached a cord running over a pulley and holding a weight at its other extremity. A loaded fountain pen is fastened to the weight in an ingenious fashion, which causes it to make marks when the string is pulled on a strip of paper rolled around a brass cylinder.

These marks, their character and length, tell the secrets for the extraction of which from inarticulate boyhood and girlhood the ergograph was invented. "The durned machine can't lie," as some humorist or other remarked about the camera. A boy may be the best hockey player in his ward, not afraid to "sass" the tallest of policemen, but if the marks made by the fountain pen when he wiggles his finger in the ergograph do not come up to the requirements of science he is forthwith an individual of pitiable deficiencies, to be coddled by his teacher and condoled by his parents.

The cylinder revolves. The subject is told to pull the string. He bends his middle finger. The pen touches the moving paper. Again and again the boy does this, while the scientists watch him closely. Every time he pulls the string he lifts the weight with one unaided finger. By and by that finger gets tired. It becomes increasingly difficult to pull the string and increasingly pleasant to relax it. Hence the marks on the revolving paper become shorter and fainter. And when, at length, he gives out, and the overworked finger will wiggle no more, he has inscribed upon the revolving paper an indelible record of his nervous condition—so the friends of the ergograph assert.

The standard set for ergographs is construc from average results obtained with the apparat in St. Louis. The child failing to come up to th standard is held to be in need of special attention.

A sturdy German boy, far exceeding in physique the average of his age, was the first to be experimented with. His marks on the ergograph were above reproach, but examination in other particulars developed the fact—hitherto unsuspected—that he was hard of hearing. It was pointed out that this affliction might result in many a child earning an unjust reputation as a dunce. The German boy's teacher will give him a more favorable s in class.

He was followed at the ergograph by a boy wi had every appearance of robust health. Yet th youngster's nervous condition was found to be deplorable. His marks on the cylinder were much shorter than the German boy's and were irregular into the bargain. And the advocates of the apparatus insist that the test is infallible, on the ground that one set of nerves will indicate the condition of the whole nervous system.

It is designed to tabulate the results of the examinations, which include such physical statistics as height, weight and lung capacity, and submit them to the Board of Education. The investigators are chiefly desirous of learning at what hour of the day a child becomes fatigued most readily and at what age; also which of the school exercises produces the greatest amount of fatigue.

DOLAN'S EXPOSURE OF BEEF HORRORS. COURT OF INQUIRY MUST NOW TAKE ACTION.

Dolan's Horrible Revelation.

[Washington Times.]

If the recital of Thomas F. Dolan is true, it will tax the ingenuity of the courts to find a fitting punishment for millionaire meat packers. If it is true, they have fed mankind on diseased meat, containing the germs of hideous ailments, and consigned many thousands of human beings to the grave—have committed more murders than the most horrible tyrant of history, and thrown the shadow of suspicion and distrust over the commercial world; they have imposed on our soldiers, struggling for a noble cause, the foul refuse of the slaughter house, the rejected parts of sick cattle, in place of the nourishment for which the Government paid them. If it is true, the members of the Alger Relief Commission should shun the light of day and avoid the society of all honorable men; the commissary and medical departments of the army, which scorned the warnings of an honest man who knew, should be arraigned for damnable negligence or criminal idiocy, and General Miles should be honored and exalted, for it was his initiative that brought out this disclosure.

The tale of Thomas F. Dolan is incredible, but perhaps it may be true. If true, it is the most horrible revelation that has ever shocked civilized society. Unless he is murdered or kidnapped or silenced in some other way—and, if guilty, the accused could well afford to pay a million to induce him to recall his affidavit—we shall know whether he has told the truth. He should be apprehended at once and held till his evidence is needed in the prosecution of the men he has accused with such impressive deliberation and solemnity. His affidavit should be the basis of legal proceedings on the part of the Government.

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The public must be a debtor to the man who had the courage to expose the appalling crimes of a powerful institution. He has done something to atone for his long participation in the awful business. Without hope of reward, but with a reasonable fear of persecution, he has performed his duty to his fellow-men. It is now the imperative demand of justice that the Government, whose faithful soldiers have been among the victims, should use every possible agency to get at the exact truth and to inflict such a penalty on the mercenary criminals, if they are proved to be guilty, that will deter others, that the world may eat its food without the fear of swallowing countless vicious microbes. The denial of the firm is only what was to have been expected, including a base attempt to discredit the man who, they admit, stood by them in a critical hour.

Dolan's Charges Are Specific.

[Buffalo News.]

Serious charges have been made by Thomas F. Dolan, formerly of Chicago, but later of Boston, with reference to alleged practices of beef packers in the former city. One of Dolan's statements against the Chicago packers is that cattle condemned by the Government inspectors as diseased were afterward sold as good beef. Dolan tells of terrible practices coming under his own observation when he was employed as foreman in one of the largest packing houses in the great packing city of the West. These statements, made by Dolan in a New York paper, have been telegraphed over the country. When the allege exposures reached Chicago they were shown J. Ogden Armour, George J. Brine and W. Pierce, and were denied in every particular.

Thus the charges made by Dolan and th denial by J. Ogden Armour and two others a laid before the public. But here comes Georg M. Lecrone, ex-secretary of the Illinois State Live Stock Commission, residing at Effingham, Ill., and reiterates what Dolan has said about th alleged terrible practices of the beef packers o Chicago. In 1896, Mr. Lecrone says, the State authorities found that large numbers of lumpy jaw cattle were being slaughtered daily by the Chicago packers, and when the State Live Stoc Commission attempted to suppress this traffic h diseased meat it met the fierce opposition of the ring that, up to that time, had enjoyed a profitable business in the illegal and scandalous purchase and sale. "It had to be suppressed," declares Mr. Lecrone, "at the point of the revolver."

This is a serious charge. It is a charge that cannot be covered up by counter charges against the character of Mr. Dolan or that of ex-Secretary Lecrone. The charges are specific and mentioned without equivocation. The character o the meat productions of the United States is a stake. It impresses foreign trade. It throws shadow over our exports. It suspicions the hon est packers and it taints the whole meat production of the country. It is a serious matter in all its aspects. The lives of the people must not b put in jeopardy to satisfy the avarice of an man or any set of men. On the other hand, these charges cannot be substantiated, the m making them should be punished for spreadi abroad a disgusting statement, the thoughts which are sickening and revolting.

ON KIPLING'S RECOVERY.

Down in the House of the Spinners
(Hard by the woof of life,
Clotho, the grim, and Lachesis,
Atropos with threatening knife)—
Down where their loom's great humming
Sends upward a throb and a quake,
And the flying threads of their distaff
Seem ever about the break.

There you wandered, our poet,
And the hags looked canny and black;
But you, like a true-born Sahib,
A fearless glance gave back.
And the spinning stopped for an instant,
And Hell took a yawn or two;
But now you are coming back again—
Well, that's you, through and through.

Fuzzy-Wuzzy was worried,
And pined in his heathen land,
And Matun, the old blind beggar,
Groped for a touch of your hand.
And all the children of Adam-Zad,
Whatever their tribe or race,
Said prayers to their gods in plenty
To look again on your face.

Up from the House of the Spinners,
The snell of the keen, drawn shears,
And the three black hags are scowling
While they shuttle your woof of years—
Up from the House of the Spinners,
And we hail you warmly and well,
For some day we know from your bungalow
You've another story to tell.

CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE,
in Louisville Times.

Papa Wasn't Flattered.

"Yes, sir, I have come to ask you for the hand of your daughter."

"For Isabel's hand?"

"Yes, sir. It is a mere formality, I know, but we thought it would be pleasing to you to have me go through with it."

"What's that? A mere formality?"

"That is what I said—a mere formality."

"And may I inquire who suggested that asking my consent to my daughter's marriage was only a mere formality?"

"It was Isabel's mother, sir."

"Isabel's mother? Then I have nothing further to say."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Boy with the Bow.

"Jane is a close student of the Philippine war."

"What makes you think it?"

"She recently referred to Cupid as the mythological Ygorote."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

KIPLING'S SONS IN MICHIGAN

CHICAGO, March 8.—Several years ago Fre D. Underwood, now general manager of t Baltimore & Ohio Railway, named two s tions in the upper peninsula of Michigan "Ru yard" and "Kipling," one being in an agricultu country and the other in an iron ore distri Some time later Kipling learned of Mr. Und wood's action, and the author sent Mr. Und wood his photograph, with the following lines the back:

"RUDYARD" AND "KIPLING."
"Wise is the child who knows his sire,"
The ancient proverb ran,
But wiser far the man who knows
How, where and when his offspring grows,
For who the mischief would suppose
I've sons in Michigan?

Yet am I saved from midnight ills,
That warp the soul of man.
They do not make me walk the floor,
Nor hammer at the doctor's door;
They deal in wheat and iron ore—
My sons in Michigan.

Oh, tourist in the Pullman car
(By Cook's or Raymond's plan),
Forgive a parent's partial view,
But maybe you have children, too—
So let me introduce to you
My sons in Michigan.

RUDYARD KIPLING.